

CROSS WIDE

DAILY BATTLES IN PARADISE: GETTING
TO KNOW YOUR DEAD FRIENDS

plus **EX BENT**

TERRY

ANGIE

WONDERFULS

CLEVER

Someone's getting a bad rap from the PC
EVERYONE'S #1 ANGRY FARMERS
brigade, are they? Let me tell u about it

Not in the bin yet

UPDATE:

YAR'S REVENGE IS AN ATARI GAME. NOT SEGA

BEARDED LAY-BY WESTERN END 03/11/17

This show happened the night before last when we bussed in to West End, ciders in belly, no. 21 shoved in my pockets and pizza in hand. Or, I bussed in separately, like a bunch of people. It was another show but a rare occasion of two interstate acts flying in from Sydney and Melbourne, one who I'd met at a sports club venue and the other who played that Vivid Live Opera House show. This is just some details that my late busy weekend self recalls of my couch body self, thinking to myself on Friday afternoon how my couch is really nice and we just picked up an amp head thing in peak our and blah blah, don't wanna wreck myself for the Cosmic Psychos show, yeah anyway. I'm not exactly getting you excited for this review. But you know, you KNOW it was going to be a good show and the good thing is you can read it, from your couch, keep it under your sleeve. Well, I guess that's a good thing.

SCAREDY SNAKE

A better thing is stopping for pizza slice, entering to the sounds of Scaredy Snake after having glanced at the time on the bus 10 times, knowing you're pushing punk time even but so close to seeing whole lineup. Shared the slice a bit and got some footage of the last song, Kitchen's Floor cover again, played 'cause Matt was standing at the front. Drinking lots of water, water, water, talking by the water jugs and getting healthy. Heidi poised and remarkable as always, tonight in a pretty dress – Scaredy Snake is perhaps her perfect name, embodying wirily feminine, graceful self-containment, individual talent, possibly aloof curiosity but innocent, intimate perceptiveness and misunderstood vulnerability. Again, contradictions like all the great Brisbane artists.

Right, now a great deal of what left me in a good mood after this was little encounters. Nice words and lots of people. Music helps for sure – coincidentally the second time Scaredy Snake show's come up, I've felt more naturally inclined to wholesome writings. It's just that kind of reassuring sound.

CLEVER

Now CLEVER. Best. I could probably call them 'art metal', along with Schenau's newer work cause they're not quite 'metal' but anything -core doesn't seem right either. I don't feel compelled to deconstruct them because they sit so commonsense with my music past but I heard the opinion that they would suck if it were not for the less masculine influences in the band. I did notice that they were not the kind of band of guys you'd expect from the kind of music it is. Yep, they could've had some pseudo-arcane or self-important angsty name but they chose 'Clever' and the unpretentious paint brush strokes of (I assume) Fred Gooch. We know now that lauding 'feminine' influences here doesn't mean mawkish or indulgent, I'm talking about *genres* still but I'm not really in high school still in 2006. I mean that high energy, fast, frustrated guitar music with personal content is laden with 'bro' or 'self-absorbed emo peacock' or cliché stigma and Clever are one of the few who take metal influence with a proper balance of character & aesthetic, rationality & catharsis, control and natural looseness.

Visually an unintended balance of disciplined haircuts, faded black and shirt holes and prog-inflected, subtle, self-secure eccentricity, easy whole-body sways and spasmodic raw energy, smiles and physical & intellectual limit pushing. I don't really think about them, the sounds just agree with my pent up jerkiness and semi-analytical temperament. But, the momentum, respectability's reinforced in when you're clued to the actual forces behind it. Maybe, aggression at aggression, hyper-reflexive. Again like the irony of Kitchen's Floor, not going to get you anywhere in a worldly sense but the group and the release is one certainty. Understating how interesting this

band is, best I can say is a) no bullshit or vanity, pure focus b) no half way performances and c) the endearing Callum just got his cast off his arm after injuring it skateboarding and got up there beside the drum machine anyway, with an extra guitar. That's the spirit.

WONDERFULS

Wonderfuls. The local band probably rarer to see than the interstate acts. They are inter-city, Dan McGirr (ambient/searing electric guitar) coming from Burleigh and a saxophone player this time, from not sure where. Want to hear a story? Well, Bobby once told one around a campfire in the bush to two people present, one a fresh-faced half-mad meditation guru and the other myself, warming up (tent not exactly cosy with my *lassaise fair* approach to bedding packing) and the hippie guy I guess running on magic beliefs. Think he asked to hear a story and Bobby recited a Wonderfuls song, I think in full. I think that he knows that the stories are important. He wouldn't tell you an *average* story, he wouldn't whine in them, he knows exactly what the underside of out nowhere culture is and what his aching vantage point has to offer – in measured, forthright, intensity. See, drunk cause maybe he's the soberest, serious kind of person there can be. He's been inside and out of what social fabric even is. Not your antsy status-conscious, contrived statements etc. no 'themes', you don't *decide* to tell stories like his like you want to make an aussie hip hop album about the suburbs, you know? Now, to the point: gather round and listen when Uncle Bobby's telling a story. Not that I have to tell you, it's instinct. Unless you're some random couples who walked in and left allegedly, bet your family gatherings are boring and you have no legacy (ah a bit harsh). Yeah go find osmewhere to parrrty or gaze lovingly.

ANGIE

Getting a bit drunk. People smoke and chat outside on the path. A little ways away was a small group, who I joined, and confusedly could hear the noise from some unremarkable band in the distance – presumably we'd hear the one next door? Went inside and found that I had actually

missed Angie (who definitely could not have resembled what we overheard). Sneaky keyboard-based performance, not much setting up time, I suppose. Of a similar artistic vein/mood/aesthetic to Wonderfuls but seeming more of an educated calculation, more of an art world establishment (if interviews & blogs are to go by) but still reflective of intriguing sadness. Wanted an LP, the blue LP. Oh and, I found out that SHYNESS blue t-shirt on Jarrad Wrig- ha that is the Big Lez Show creator- I mean, Jarrad from Lost Animal was an ANGIE shirt when I saw Angie in Sydney. He must've known her or something? Anyhow, I'm sorry I missed the set (I'm silly), I thought she was one of the most affecting performances of that Sydney Vivid Live week. Angie, distant and blue, gentle, brave reflection. Must thank her blog for directing me to America by Baudrillard. Yeah and I need to get shit together and not miss stuff. Hmm, I guess she's like the relative you only ever hear about who's a model of composure and world-wisdom but you never really see them, as the little bogan cousins. Nobody says anything bad about Angie, she's just off doing her thing, you know. But she was in my town.

TERRY

Now, TERRY. Terry do NOTHING WRONG, which some love and some hate. They have two girls and two boys even, for perfect gender balance, and share the vocals. They know what's effective and decent in this day and age and seeing them left me feeling like I might do something sensible and demonstrably a little bit effective like, uh (shh) parliamentary politics (and then sabotage my prospects quickly with this rag). They're young and fit looking but they wouldn't hurt you at all, it seems, sincerely doing what good art they can for history, for good taste, for pushing the contemporarily pop/indie/rock/catchypunkinflected landscape where contrived, self-righteous, bit too obvious or just plain bland teenage stuff dominates (eg. Smith Street Band, Dune Rats) to reflect timeless principle. They've got the country hats, the calculated videos, songs that make you shut up and listen and get stuck in your head randomly – and want to move, if you see them. The controversy is, that some people don't wanna

listen to what seems like an authority if they're just *good and smart* sometimes, they're not uncle Bobby, sure they've got more bite and vigor than ahh, pretty much any new cultural commentary pop/rock act (of which none actually come to mind except Courtney Barnett), and bet they're no sheltered scholars seeing as they're coming from the underground music scene and New Zealand and Sydney, but they seem to comment so naturally and happily. Tall poppies in humble acubras? Who you assume have a little slope under them? Or they could grow taller, or you who dislike just wanna see how much a band can get fucked up an insecure and complex and recoil from calm commentary? That's my speculation.

I think they're competent (pop-savvy) and honest, possibly important like the Whitlams but a funner band. A social band, not all dripping with emotion or rage, just a tiny bit punk, offensively safe to some but I choose to be on the Terry side. Or not choose, just get carried away by the pop tunes and sweetness? I get why some people don't like it, but if a sweet thing's brought into the house I'll eat it, and this can't be bad for me, can it?

Just got a mental image of a ripped out picture of the woman who co-hosts Good Film on SBS or ABC or something stuck on a bathroom door of a cool sharehouse. Stuck in my mind. Cool, interesting yes, can't fault but ahh it's what I'm *supposed* to like as a nice uni student, it's hard to fault but I'm not inclined to do identify with it. They seem to have power on their side, official school teacher authority. But you know, I've chimed in with anti ABC criticism when maybe in the large scheme of things with where the money and politics flows, they could be one of the best shots at promoting the good, and get put on their back foot. How's this relate to Terry? Well, the most obvious political song is 8 Girls. I'd extrapolate from Meet Me In The City and the last vividly descriptive (gorgeous, smilingly nervous) duet they did, the two girls Amy and Xanthe, about being born writhing and squirming in your mothers arms (are those the actual lyrics?) & possibly "put in the bin" because of something unjust, that most output is same accurate, kind but relatively comfortable commentary & description. Oh and "TERRY DOES NOT SUPPORT NATIONALISM" is the

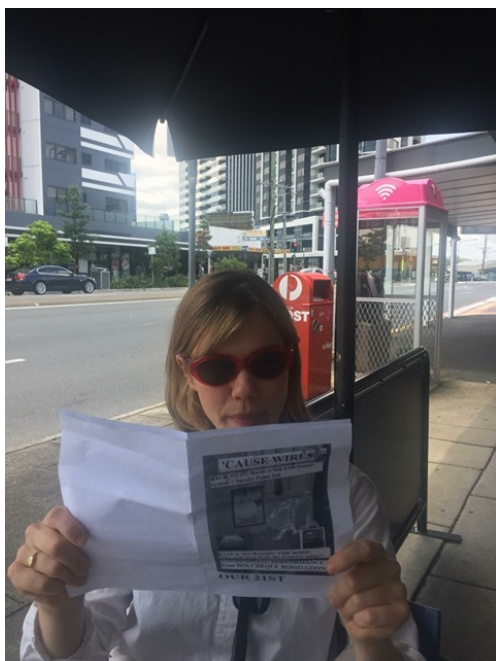
reassuring description in the 8 Girls video, because you could be vaguely suspicious with the country influences and all parliamentary politics and particular aus references (could you? Actually think I'm paranoid).

Edit note: Having looked up whether Xanthe was Xandy I found that they all are/were in other interesting bands, only knew Al Montfort is in Total Control (Vivid final act). Notably Eastlink who have a song I am very grateful exists, Australia Day (what a silly day). Sounds like a pensive Terry & references neglected, uncool outer suburbia. Another thing to consider is that it's hard to sing about politics nowadays without being too snottily clever or vague or like a gauche punk band nobody listens to. They avoid all this, and fill the political gap in independent Aus. music.

I actually just enjoy it, despite the ambivalence about serious stuff being sung without obvious anger. Maybe it's an outreach to myself, as someone who likes real raw shit or trashy shit and neglects most things that resembles actual institutional power. I dunno what I'm talking about, I dunno if they have class power, and they don't pretend to be super sophisticated either, just bring a bit of cautious wisdom, sugar coated medicine to the whole thing and show, you don't have to be abstruse or tortured or anything, you can have a go. Could see it as a hand up (a hand down, like a politician dumbed down) or a slightly raised hand with an upward-pointing index finger making a calm, sane point about worrisomely populist, aggro politics – OY, calm down guys, we get you – even us trendy Melbourne youths - don't get carried away. You too, punks, keep your head on straight (and, *would* it really help if their political/ideological observations were joined with snotty acting? A layer of I -swear-i'm-not-culturally-middle-class? What can you do? I reckon, if they wanna get weirder, they're well-equipped to do so (if they see/feel a point and muster convincing rage) but there's no reason for Terry not to be Terry.

AHHH they are so cute and smart and seem like such sweethearts, look, there is Xanthe with the last edition (& enviable sunglasses). I did not pay for their sponsorship, no back room handshakes nope, I gave them one free, wandered up

awkward but reassured recognising Al Montfort's approachability like inside the Opera House, I did. I said it's like 3 cents a page to print. This photo makes me very happy.



Thank you, also, to everybody who had kind words to say to anybody else and also John D. Morris the lively show organiser (I assume, I think he does a few), the door guy, the girl who works at the bar all the time who probably thinks I'm silly for getting those Tecate's all the time, the uber driver or taxi driver, most thanks of all to the people who played (I have never played, learning to appreciate the hard work of it). Five acts who - I will loosely quote Heidi Ack/Scaredy Snake from an old Bent interview I saw on the internet, from memory – “play music that's important because nobody else can play it but them.”

COSMIC PSYCHOS, AMYL AND THE SNIFFERS, KITCHEN'S FLOOR CROWBAR 04/11/17

WHAT THE FUCK YEAH YEAH AHH UM I WENT HERE BACK, 2007 I SEEN COSMIC PSYCHOS 20 TIMES AHH, IN THE 80S YEAH '83 I RECKON, HARD TO KEEP TRACK WHEN YOU'RE AS OLD AS ME. YANNO ONCE I SAW THIS BOUNCER GRAB THIS YOUNG GIRL LIKE YOU, TRY THROW HER OUT BUT SHE'S JUST DANCING N

COULDN'T HELP MYSELF, MADE ME SO ANGRY, YOU GIRLS COMMUN IN HERE TRYING TO HAVE A GOOD TIME, I WAS REALLY INTO LYDIA LUNCH, YOU KNOW HER? MIGHT BE A BIT YOUNG. HOW BOUT THE CRAMPS? YEAH, I JUST CAME OUT OT HAVE A SMOKE, BOUT 3AM CAUSE YOU CODULS TAY OUT ALL NIGHT, BANDS STARTED MIDNIGHT THOSE DAYS, ANYWAY THIS BOUNCER THREW THIS GIRL OUT AND I SAID MATE, WHERE'S UR MANNERS N HE PUNCHED ME IN THE HEAD AND STOLE THE LAST \$15. THIS YOUNG LADY LOOKED AFTER ME N BECAME ME GIRLFRIEND. SHE'S NOT AROUND ANYMORE. HER NAME WAS ELLE SHE MARRIED A COSMIC PSYCHO FROM THE COUNTRY.

That was just complete bullshit but I'm going to power through this just like I powered through the mosh pit and they plow through their fields feeding Australia or whoever buys their free market produce for some human mouth somewhere(yeah I'm being careful, 'politically correct' even, to sift out nationalistic undertones surfacing). I'll power through it like they Powered through Better In The Shed which is the most self-referential, not quite the spirit of their older stuff but does the job party tune. Not so rowdy yobs as they may have been in the day and good, I reckon, cause a punter say they get fatter every time, and their drinking reputation would cause a rational, sensitive person to worry. So they seem a bit sensible. Interesting fact: one's a lawyer, one's got a farm or lives around a lot of farmland (learned from the wife) in central Victoria, other lives in Bendigo and might be a farmer too. Might be my kith and kin if my parents didn't pack up for the 'promise land' in the late 90s, who knows (to save my brothers from careers as trolley boys, I get the impression). Who knows. Well, I sat in the room at the back of the stage as there were no security people next to it and walked into it, where I knew some people (#2 AFFIRMATIVE THAT PUNK IS NOT DEAD I NBRISBANE). I was, may I brag, covered in sweat, much not my own. I was pretty tired from the night before but I'm no wuss, I was going to see the COSMIC PSYCHOS and not be the half-arsed spectator. Did take some drinks to offset the caffeine and

~ambiguity~ (will get to it later) but hey, dont care if spend a tiny bit too much money, you know how ridiculous both options are – standing sober with no ideas pumping yourself up whilst tired, or buying overpriced drinks at an overpriced, adult creche nightclub inner suburb designated 'naughty' area? It's a total false dichotomy, I know, drinking vs. standing there, and I knew it, nobody gives a shit, and I'm being too much of an insular shit, I mean just being OK, a wallflower, a media person, an observer (being a perpetual observer gets to you because, what's it for/about, that I *choose*?) I don't even have a drinking problem, may's well been looking at Healthy Harold the giraffe moshing sober there somewhere. Yeah anyway, I lived in Swan Hill, rough town you know. I ate margarine on white bread, not that biodynamic grass fed butter- blach blah pretentious half arsed divisive class commentary that probbably doesn't hold up to research (HARD THINKING I don't have reticence of, as in plain old logic, skepticism, you know I won't be an anti-intellectual as much as I'm reticent of being an effective modern Australian neo something creative, sensible, savvy, something or other- wait, ha, ha, hurr, uh, I'll take a massive liberty and say POLITICAL CLASS, us Aurstralians dont loike them do we, run that past my advisor [social media one, meme dept.] great isn't itt hoho look at that little angry face) I am a bit drunk, on VB – well just about the alcoholis equivalent, with low carb cider 1.5 standard drinks a can – so excuse my rambling. I'd like to apologise for mentioning vaguely class-associated food choices because I like butter and expensive bread for sure, but I did grow up on cheap food back in Swan Hill, do you know how expensive the supermarkets are there? I didn't remember, being the small kid I was. I don't remember much. Closest thing to a scar for life was a keen eye on the petrol meter. That's nothing. But you don't have to know country struggle to enjoy the show.

AMMYL AND THE SNIFFERS I retrospectively marked as safe on the progressive filter as their name kind of references queer culture. And they also did the boy/girl face swap on a promo pic and almost fooled me. Nah they were cool. I mean they were totally defiant of what post-modern 'cool' expects you to be. Non-cynical,

take-or-leave-it self-confidence, want everyone to have a good time. Walked to the bus stop in the morning with “not a loser” stuck in head. VB cans thrown into the crowd (possible product placement but fuck it, I wanted one, if you want to be a national icon it's the way to go, give us one ..cunts.. still haven't forgot the industrial dispute*). I'd be slightly nervous if the sharpie thing existed as an organic subculture – offshoot of larrikin gangs, pretty rough and mean, I hear – but this band embodied what you'd want from a proudly Aussie sharpie-inspired band. Had to be part theatrics but really did have this working class decency about them, entertainer gimmick or no. Could've been them if I were less tentative. I asked a couple of them how they got into the sharpie thing and the bassist Gus was the one mainly into it, said he didn't want to be a punk or a skinhead, copy internationals and sharpie was the Aussie subculture. That appeal, I can very much relate to as a reaction to American and British cultural imperialism and cultural cringe. Fuck fake accents. Stood there thinking they're a bunch of carnies, performers, bit of a gimmick but what a show, never seen such a performance of unfettered self confidence. I never forgot a video I saw of sharpie women dancing in the 70s, soo loose, so tough, so carefree and live here's Amy with a guileless smile. Where did the last 40, complicated, post modern, tiresome self-referential years go? Like they were erased from her brain. They were all really nice, guileless seeming people.

Admittedly at this show I was sometimes bit of a paranoid phobophobe, or phobophile. Kitchen's Floor's Sundowner takes on a whole new tone when you wonder how many of the macho people in the crowd might wear flag capes and enjoy scaring minorities. DEFEND THE STREETS, FROM WHO YOU MEET. DEFEND THE FRONT, FROM WHAT THEY WANT! From who? Well, exactly, and of course it just means boring, selfish wankers in general, not some kind of concerted, politicised bullshit. Rock n' roll is dumb fun, we know it, cept some punk bro's, one who had this clean patch-covered jacket and had no concept of other's personal space or perhaps just was naturally clumsy (poor guy) and thought he pulled off not being apologetic in a punk rock crowd. Bit of a dumbarsemyself, too, reacting to the most

constantly violent person in the pit by shoving him back like equal retarded (HURR SEE GUYS I'M NOT PC) and coincidentally he had dreadlocks as white guy. Also the Cosmic Psychos said something about not being PC anymore which the crowd responded to with equal and loud-in-Brisbane-terms enthusiasm to the VB shout out, said if there's anyone in the room whose name is 'come on' you can leave, and ohh I knew that song, I was thinking I could yell out 'what about all the cunts in this crowd ha ha!' The song goes COME ON CUNT and it was heaps on fun. My ears still ringing from last night and Friday and it's weird luck I got to see COSMIC PSYCHOS, whose hit count on my winamp is really high over the years, and I reviewed them some other time and now got in the thick of their sweaty mainly white male crowd (n kind of got briefly molested in the mosh pit, but they were for the most part decent). Think it's time for bed soon because my finite body's crashing out but if they were an average band I would not have mustered up enough to write pages of this.

Also I was proud of KITCHEN'S FLOOR (again) this time for being the crossover between defiant, simple shouty yob anthems ("FOLLOW, THAT, PATH, DOWN MATE..... RESIDENT DREGS!" another "this one's for you m8" opportunity) and introspective hungover realism (Bitter Defeat etc.) and happy/sad noise pop (ahhh taking a bit of liberty with that latter term, almostdole wave?) It was a bit lame having equipment problems followed by awkwardness like a half sound check, they're no big rock spectacle like the following acts. They did the thing with tours, youthful zeal's worn down a bit, no roadies and money, lifestyle's taking toll with funds and such so they'll give you a show but not steal it. What it seems lately, anyhow, hard to tell with these people, they're strange, multifaceted. Weirdo band, minimal theatre.

All in all Cosmic Psychos can still play good and Amyl and the Sniffers, more flashy Melbourne entertainers (though, none of them are from Melbourne, which makes a lot more sense given their identity search), put on a somewhat scary, jubilant show evoking part the pride & terror of youth gangs of 70s Melbourne, AC/DC & strangely (no real comparison) whatever gives

Eddy Current Suppression Ring (Which Way To Go video) that forthright, laid back youthfulness. Maybe they could've been Eddy Current suppression Ring if they didn't get caught up in the nostalgia theatre? What the singer Amy reminds me of, also, in the broad, guileless Aussie accent, was a scene in Dogs In Space where the young girl's sitting in front of the share house looking sad and the occupant (the non-musician in acubra hat, the good natured, sensible smart arse) says, "Where'd you come from little girl? Do you want a bite of my fairy toast?" You wouldn't see it anymore.

* If I recall correctly, the Carton United Brewery (VB parent company) strikes were resolved, after much struggle. I don't know if those responsible for the unfair sackings and wage reductions etc. are still in their roles. I don't know if that should change how I feel about a beer brand. I wonder if they got in trouble for breaching RSA laws or if the corporate influence let them side step it. Behind the familiar design is a novel neoliberal HR design. At least at one point recently, there was, but the world's changing.

THE AMBIGUITY

p.s. Think I'm equally as cautious about the Bachelorette, middle, 'apolitical' Australia in general. I have a little bit of fun with majorities, with their 'simpler time' cultural expressions but for actual long term sustenance? Anything that seems like right wing territory, that misleading bleached paradise of simplicity and white Aussie camaraderie makes me think of mediocre politician grin and Wake in Fright and also imagining Wake In Fright set in an outer suburb of half renovated houses and lawn mowers and polished, less-cultured, but emotionally intelligent mums who wonder what's wrong with you. Small country business, rock n roll or a stark white outer suburban house with mega mall, mega church, I can just feel indulging that start shrinking any part of me that has anything to do with knowing anyone & thing who doesn't fit the mould. To fully embrace stark, faux-innocent confidence as a full identity is uncanny. Sophie Monk's simple laid back bogan persona isn't so warm, the sister's stark bleached straightened hair and stark white display house isn't warm, that big

Gold Coast mansion with perfect Kmart homewares middle Aus. Respectable light decoration doll's house isn't warm, maybe I am a fucking xenophobe. The Fernvale Bakery I want to go to with pictures of kids eating pies on picnic tables after AFL practice, near idyllic, flat, sunbleached grass parkland next to the dam, with all the civic pride of State of Origin cupcakes, ANZAC Day, Australia Day, Home and Away, what ever else is not entirely warm either. ---

Update: I have evidence that Fernvale Bakery is not all anglo Aussie. I tied them into a stereotype! In fact I have done that a lot here. Should kick the stereotypes and mention all but like, two of my anglo suburban school friends ended up dating black or Asian guys, or wanting to escape to Japan or something. I had more than five friends by the way. There is also evidence Amly etc. are not all heteronormative patriot etc.

--And I try and respect 'their' culture and see the best in it. They are not all the same and I am one of them to people more subcultural or foreign than me. The disturbing – or reassuringly repression-affirming - thing is when all these inwardly diverse (I will assume they are) ordinary folks coalesce around this this narrow pride with drunken, decisive celebration of aggression – which, might be better channelled around punk rock n roll farmers and urban working class remembrance and decent fun than in tepid routine and flashy aspirational consumer distractions and vapid political talk. The aggression, at least (and I can't pretend I don't have a part in it) is not tricky nationalist/status anxiety fear and competitiveness. Dumb fun is better.

But anyhow there are 34752894572934957239-5739857428973548972983745892 kinds of dumb fun and societal organisation and you wont get stuck on one, if you are sane, or dysfunctionally insane.

I suck at making things accessible, like other people habituated in a certain way suck at adapting to other people's presence & catering for the new ages, but still we have no choice, change going to happen. You are who you are but you make a bit of an effort to push yourself, you know. Cosmic Psychos pushed boundaries of

punk by bringing who they are to it (with tractors)..the Sniffers bring the old Aussie mateship back to rock n roll, kind o flike Katy Perry showmanship but instead of it's ok to be gay it's, it's ok to be a young person from Aus kicking cultural cringe in the cerebellum. Oh yeah I did talk the Cosmic Psychos drummer for 30 seconds in a moment of mild star stuckness, said they were important and I think he was like ah dunno or something? Psychos kind of a long beer advert now. Bit of a self-parody but it probably means theyre more sane.

This has inspired me revisit At The Drive-In and Bad Religion, suburban teen fare. Seems a bit plasticity, reminds me of suburban computers and merch stands but they were the escape. Coincidentally At The Drive In are from Texas, deep south. This intellectual emo-imbued, introspective stuff isn't, wasn't enough either. Needed a theoretical kick up the bum to stop being a reserved, limp armchair/computer chair Americanised brat. By the COSMIC PSYCHOS. Sometimes you need to stop being numbly descriptive and clal it that someone's a FUCKWIT who belongs in FUCKWIT CITY (where ever that is).

HERE IS WHERE MY MEAT THUMP/NEGATIVE GUEST LIST MAY'S WELL COME

For Matt.

This makes me understand KF lyrics better.

I wonder if the severe anxiety Brendon threaded throughout NGL was in part, an apprehension about the controversy of all his work and, the cultural/political scene in general. To discuss his work with retrospection as if looking at a series of objects that can be isolated and denoting of some privileged, conventional motive and strategy would be wrong. Not an idol, not an object, not a burden. You can't crucify him in your mind because for whatever he did, and whatever he didn't know what he was doing, he paid more than the price already. Well, that only God can know, or the infinite void can know, or those who knew him well enough. He's recommended in good faith to me. Wrought havoc, pissed off the self-righteous, delighted the

innocent and down in spirits (I hear).

The songs and the work he left behind are self-evidently appealing, albeit disturbing to me, alongside word-of-mouth anecdotes about the situations he made. That precise history would more appropriately be told by somebody else. So would the reviews. The shows, the records, the zines have been done, reviewed, archived. I wasn't there, I can't pretend to live in the past and I can't pretend that later events don't change my perception of it. The reason I've written this kind of thing is because accolades seem shallow, critique is unfair and the entire operation of sifting through products ascribed as somebody's legacy doesn't help anybody come to terms with the entire situation of what happened. I know I've probably reviewed work of the deceased but hey, that's our depersonalised, disoriented, time-displaced mass culture, isn't it. Throw em away and get a new one, opinion pendulum swings, the people it concerns the most get left to drink alone and drop off after. It isn't right, I can't do that here. So, as much as parts of the story entertain, impress or disturb me, I will try not to skew it. It isn't about my mood, my whims, or finishing this thing, it's about somebody of great talent and initiative, who meant a lot to a lot of people I met after the fact. Not only talent in any compartmentalised sense – an odd knack of subverting, perverting, and exploiting circumstance for the benefit of others.

The reason I'm writing this, and that it's so hard to write, is that I feel like I'm writing about a war. I feel perturbed by some of what happened in the war but grandpa's cut up about the whole thing. I get the badge to wear, the stories but I know there are some voices not being shown in the main legacy and I also feel disturbed by, not the particular actions of any individual, but by the ability of our culture to allow the tragedy. What do I do with what we're left with? How do you form a mature perspective as the one who wasn't there? I have a vested interest in defending the music I like and this little scene, you know, but it'd also be a lot easier for me if I could definitely blame 'subculture' or 'rock music' being full of scumbags and run off to some hypothetically pure place. I can't do that because everyone's actually pretty normal according to their backgrounds, they were just abnormally

revealing. That's what sets them (and you) apart from ordinary 'battlers'. Self-initiated structure, countering self-interest, an independent cultural legacy and possible insanity. They (we give you something to chew on.

Sometimes I feel like a guest in the RSL thinking something has to change, and some things have been changing (with wider social movements and people growing up), and I'll let these wounded souls have their day but they were, like all great war films reveal, beyond the official record(s) gathered round. You can look at an RSL, glance at the memorabilia, respond with jingoism (rock n'roll piety, in this case), indifference, plain sympathy or moral scepticism but none of that is entirely appropriate. No battered veteran myself but I can use my faculties for betterment of the record & people will make up their own minds. We're not really powerful institutions, after all.

I did write most of this next part while drinking, bashed it out, not quite getting into details which someone else can tell. This is a draft, also.

HARD TO WRITE AND I HOPE NOT HARDER TO READ

Compare that kind of driving hedonism of Saturday to MEAT THUMP. For a while I struggled with them (and White Cop) and the decadence of that time. If you want the sound of the decay of average battler Australian men, the inevitable weakness, the decrepit straight male confessional listen to them. Battle of Brisbane did a similar thing but in a dumber/cleaner/safer way. "FOLLOW THAT PATH DOWN MATE."

Brendon Annesely was the son of a tradie and a school English teacher. I recall an interview where he said most tradies are miserable people. He knew what work is and what thinking is but subverted every thing he could be. Parodied the jobs, irritated prigs,, dribbled over the intellectuals and artistes with 10x the wit and vision. I guess he saw what comes of either and didn't fit either. Then constructed something out of them, half shambolic and half establishing solid symbols of a network/structure/production ethic.

Negative Guest List, I think, gives me a similar impression ideologically, as Paradise Daily

Records. This is despite that Annesley's output was a great deal of urgent, literary-quality spew of the problems of old school alcohol and drug deranged working men, self-reflexive, vulnerable, directionless punk kids, and PDR is some of that but par excellence of progressive DIY representation. Included in that non-contrivable, probably just about stream of consciousness poetic, evidently vulnerable proliferation – and behavior, which I can't think of as either 'impulsive' or 'calculated', 'hedonism' or 'martyrdom' – was hints and tales of stuff that I will only say according to common judgment, was not OK. It's a mindfuck because it's not simple, you know? But a decent fuck for some people if I want to use that metaphor. Well, it was simple and dumb, but it *wasn't*, it broke the rules, and this whole thing breaks my rules of comprehension. WHITE COP, start with that. Lot of fun, I can comprehend, but WHITE COP. Yeah. Check the video where the sound guy switches off Brendon's amp and he plays it still in hilarious apathetic posturing, and the guy Bill in vocals is reading from lyrics sheet and wearing a balaclava, maybe the RAMONES shirt (nah that was another one). Dumb, fun punk. But you know the irony got real. Don't wanna focus on that though.



Illustration 1: yep, see where i got that inspiration?

How did NGL et. al. resemble Paradise Daily at all, PDR this expansive Sydney label run by

women representing underprivileged groups in a Sydney scene where people walked out on a blues song cover by Piss Pain (a white band)? Well, Annesley set up a structure, a reliable output, first proving himself candidly, vulnerably as sensitive & genuinely embroiled in problems people pretend don't exist anymore, and that he had passion and connection seeking (not as much attention seeking). Grounded in your experience judgment, emotion more than any businessy/careerist or intellectual, grand, idealistic proclamations of do's and don'ts. It's relationship building no. 1 step. First priority. Not pulling anyone's strings (who you want to be a true comrade of).

Now of course Brendon (proclaimed, published) came from shitty little backward Brisbane town. ("BRISBANE. You have a magazine, and a CD too," example of an NGL cover, ISSUE [NUMBER] BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA says all of them), Maybe more middle class and clever than this narrative would like to make room for, but I don't know, who cares. But he talked to people on forums mainly, and down and out dudes in general, it seems, and would not contrive congeniality with people who didn't get it, people outside generally working or deadshit male cultures, women in music who didn't get it (eg. Loom In Shit), uptight people, boring self-absorbed people (though for 'women', I will acknowledge stuff like, the Acid Casualty NGL interview, where Hannah Scheifelbein represents the female band's macho dude parody, and also the effeminate grace I see in some videos). Neither does PDR seem to but their diversity credentials are natural & times have changed & Sydney is not Qld.

Something I enjoy hearing about is how Brendon crossed a major social divide few intellectual arts crowds dare: 'bogans' and 'cultured' people. Fuck that awkwardness. Class commentator you may be but few contend with this rift intimately, a rift the more ominous in these political times. I don't know if it was entirely natural expression of his background, a statement of political principle or schadenfreude at seeing the cardigan clad punk-dabblers internally cowering at rough semi rural punks or whatever it was (somebody else's story) but it seemed very intelligent.

Obviously everyone saw enough insular, know-it-all, self-congratulatory, lifestyle solutions, gentrification-driving, 'positive social change' underlaid with bitternes mediocrity. Took the piss out of it and smattered little testy tidbits around, testy sometimes to people like me. And my--- (excuse my self-parody) FIRM RESOLVE TO STAMP OUT OFFENSIVE CONTENT, BECAUSE I INTELLECTUALLY DETECT A RISK TO SOCIAL HARMONY. My PRIDE is at stake, as as a progressive. Nah, I DON'T FUCKING KNOW. That's the thing. Always tempting to pretend you're the main victim in a situation, and/or that you're the top dog (or kool cat, pro-women emboidery template in hand) who knows everything.

In retrospect, I can explain that it's more that I'm processing plain fear. It's instinct to run to safety, where you don't think about death. You might try to push out any sign associated with danger and unfamiliarity. Find easy but maligned answers.

One thing is, Brendon of NGL and Jaz of Paradise Daily connect with people, regardless of their differences in wholesomeness, their respective variations of Australian (suffix-Australian, or whatever it might inevitable be renamed) cultural inheritances. I do too, but honestly the things people do & reflect in art scare me, ironic or not, and inconclusive analysing and knee-jerk moral hypocrisy creeps in, threads of the simplistic, distance-creating, sanitising, PG parent stuff. I'm safer (I guess), while they make art from chaos in the thick of things. But I'm still not one to put the blinkers on reality here, despite my relative lack of toughness & risk taking, and I have to think a lot about what the NLG era destructive/constructive frenzied/downer time meant in desperation to people worse off, & show a lot of grace in not thinking in what anyone should have done (because what the fuck do I know, what they were thinking or feeling) but what it showed about culture & life in general and what I can make of it, carry on the good parts.



'Connect with people' is vague, let me elaborate. I mean that they can initiate an operation where they're looked up to as the profound knowers of existential/spiritual/emotional and concrete problems defining heaps of people, in a particular scene AND, as the people who get us out of being *stuck* there. Out of being stuck in one place and time, stuck in bigotry and over-certainty, stuck in alienating, global-privilege-determined top-down cultures. "It was world class writing", said Matt. This is the detailed, aesthetically sublime way of bringing people together under a standard that's not Australian, or White Male, or cool, or PC, or In The Know Rich Kid. Or to at least begin something like that as a flawed, contained human, taking stuff from your home and connecting homages to all humanity.

Exactly how Brendon did that with NGL was to use what international connection sustained us insecure young ones – internet forums, literature (modern classics [and also food, films, as he later wrote about]) – in the 00's and early 10's (and 90s, if you had the access and underground sensibility), and merge it with his experience of part grim, part privileged, emotional/social/cultural reality, and his unremarkable material resources. Had a printer from the public school his mum worked at, a bunch of keen writer minds on forums before the internet stopped being as free (but how many are aliases?), and chucked a zine together, old times new roman cut n paste – part humvle independent local, part overseas collaboration. What Jaz did/does for material resource is sell second hand stuff on commission or picked up off the kerbside, bought a tape recorder, started from there. Common sense and good taste, tough-mindedness. Jaz shows it through intuitive international-appeal PDR branding (drawn by herself and I think, help from friends) on

accessible, generously distributed merch (none of this designer price up shit) and naturally diverse label portfolio, no nonsense punk DIY instinct, and (I dunno how much these factor exactly, just as a rough indicator) involuntary lifelong position as denied racial, educational, masculine, rich kid, hetero dominance/self-importance.

Brendon showed through his international writer publishings + nicked republished reviews (eg. A Maximum Rock n' Roll review by Everett True, who gave him money for the privilege of being included in this little zine NGL. This guy pushed Kurt Cobain onto stage in a wheelchair btw, still blogs about Bris bands sometimes, [incl. Bent] I admire the guy, this outsider writer who should maybe be a cautionary tale to me), his seeming tottured/self-tortured (BUT tough and defiant, status-challenging) ambiguity when revealing anything showing him as white aussie male rock n roll chauvanist dregs or intellectual artist/writer. Both made/make a respectable series of things, that cannot be said to be endorsing of the situations they inherited. Cause you make the most of cultural, or economic lack, find some pride in it, doesn't mean you endorse its continuation, right?

Might also add that I am told Brendon would get kicked out of heaps of Brisbane venues. No simpering diplomat, no politician was he (his friend told me his presence was like the main character in the Werner Herzog film *My Son, My Son What Have Ye Done*). Put on a nasally political voice, read: MAINTAINING CONNECTIONS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ARTS AND ECONOMY BETWEEN THE HOSPITALITY SECTOR AND LOCAL CULTURAL PRACTITIONERS ETC ETC.

Nup. Not Jaz either, she wouldn't have a compromised vision statement, she would be able to tell you who's a dickhead and who's not, though, and be really endearing, as an organiser and mover of things, and an (instinctive?) visionary. I'm kind of missing Sydney now. The back of Jaz's ute, her driving like a tradie in a rush, but not fixing someone's tenant's plumbing to pay your kid's school uniform and a drug debt, just to do someone no-one fully understands. Not me, the explainer, the observer. Not rest of society. If everyone liked this stuff, in this point of history, wouldn't be a great sign though, would it.

PT 2.

This is not done. Matt said quality over quantity when I said iw as writing, which is a fair call considering what I've done on the past. I've had a resolve while writing this, though. He doesn't know I'm writing about a most admired friend of his. He knows my nanna in NZ might be passing away. My Nanna whose legacy we can all attest to. If she were here, we could ask her about a lot of this stuff. All I have mainly are projections from what I've ben taught about sutff she went through like the great depression, WWII and so on cause we didn't grow up close. Got to know & respect her more recently, though. Tough Canadian farm girl who used clothes catalogues as toilet paper amongst other things. Hoping she'll pull through.

Going to try to get this thing done tonight update: didn't. This topic is perhaps testing to everybody who is older and has been around and knew Brendon. It's hard to say anything. I've been thinking that, I should post what I wrote in New Zealand as there is a gap in my narrative.

I have also been distracted in the course of this by the facebook wall and a post by Shogun (Royal Headache) saying how embarrassing it all is, this social media, how we knew that it was but put up with it anyway. I wrote a comment, which I did not post.

Too much indecision. Not usually one for thinking and drinking to stop counter productive thoughts. The amount of time I spent thinking about irrational, counter-productive things -----here is a pause, I put a song on, and am questioning the song choice ---- pause again---- ah fuck it, people get petty all the time, indecisive etc. Slipping into self reference bs argh. A chain of association that is a bit OFF THE PATH, THE NARROW ROAD as some might say, but you never know, could be close enough to get back. Don't lose hope.

**BREAKING NEWS KITCHEN'S FLOOR
PLAYED WELL AT BLOODHOUSE BAR**

**So did HEART BEACH (All the way from
Tasmania! I mean Canada)**

ALSO HERE IS A PHOTO OF CANNON



Thanks xoxoxo

